

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, FOR THE BENEFIT OF FARMERS AND MECHANICS, AT QUINCY HALL, SOUTH MARKET STREET, WM. BUCKMINSTER, OF FRAMINGHAM, EDITOR.

VOL. 8.

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W. & W. J. BUCKMINSTER.

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AGRICULTURE.

FARM WORK FOR AUGUST.

The important labors of August are approaching.

The hay and the grain harvesting are first to be

finished, and then commence the permanent im-

provements on the farm. August is the month

when low lands are cleared and subduced to the

advantage. August is the best month for sowing

certain grass seeds and winter rye. August is

the best time to ditch bog lands and drain them pre-

pared for English grass. It is also a good month

to catch high lands by ploughing. Many other im-

provements which cannot well be made in other

months are appropriate for August. Let no farmer

forget of remaining idle in this important month.

In preparing wet and boggy lands for grass seed,

the first move is to drain them. The mud that is

left in the ditches is all wanted on the surface,

and it will all act as manure provided it lie in

a heap in summer year. It is well, therefore, to

dig your ditches one year previous to sowing.

Hoping that the weather was too hot. Hay of course

comes in with a rush and in fair order. Castle will

fall on you say without grain. A little of it

make much, for it is full of heart—full of the rich

juices.

In wet summers we are obliged to eat our grass

when there is no grass on the stems and no stems in

in the sap. Those who have short crops must com-

fort themselves with the idea that the hay is more

valuable and will spend much better than in wet

seasons.

In many places we have not had rain enough to

give a large crop of potatoes. These and pasture

grasses now suffer most for want of rain. We

must trust in Providence to send us more wet all

at the present day.

We prefer not to know very well the cause of

the blight in potatoes. Our supposition is that in

the notion of atmospheric influence we profess no faith.

We had an atmosphere forty years ago, but we had

not then all the insects and worms that are found at

the present day.

Our advice is, to sow flat turnip seed in all places

where there is a prospect of a crop. Sow in a

shower of rain and the seed will be buried at once.

Sow among corn and let the cattle do the harvesting.

This will drain nearly all your peat and

peat lands as much as you would wish, and the

contents of the ditches are all wanted for the surface.

The mud may lie on the bank for a year;

it will completely subdue all the sward that lies under it, and when you come to spread it next year

you will find that the mud from your ditches has

done much towards covering the whole surface be-

hind.

Apples will not be plenty in this quarter. The

blooms were full but the weather was unfavor-

able. Peaches will be scarce. Pears also. The

smaller fruits seem to be plenty enough. Corn looks as well as ever and English grain of all kinds

seems to be good.

[Editor.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

[For the Ploughman.]

SPRING-TIME RAKES.

Mr. Editor.—Sir: In making a tour to

Providence I see that there are different kinds of

Horse-rakes used, and am told that a large number

of the Patents Spring-tooth Horse-rakes are sold

in Worcester this season, and men who have used

this rake recommend it. This is the best and

most improved Horse-rake I would make.

Ploughing and planting may be the cheapest mode

of sowing when that course is feasible. Early

peas may be dug soon enough for sowing grass

seed, and a potato crop may pay much of the cost of

sowing.

Besides there are large quantities of land that

is not sown than that which is effected by the

plough. They lie low and flat, and are not

suitable for tillage; for they are too wet at plant-

ing time. These lands should be worked in August

or September. Farmers are usually loth to put a

pea patch into such soils—and it was a maxim of long

study that if you subduced them and sow Eng-

land grass the whole will soon turn Indian again

and the labor will be lost.

When such grounds can be turned flat they

can be sown on the furrow and laid immediately

to grass without going through an unprofitable

course of planting. August is the time to take hold

of such land and sow the grassseed. Hedges, trees,

top and fowl meadow seed, may be sown at that

time. With half as much compost manure as is

usually put on corn land a good harvest of hay may

be expected the next season.

Any other grass land may be renovated in this

way when the owner does not wish to take off a

pea patch, or when the weather is favorable.

They were taken off, on Wednesday fore-

noon at 100 dollars, and 19,000 letters remo-

val, so known that all the appre-

ntion exceed one hundred and fifty

the number of disappointments.

to the President. Hoping,

Marshall Bogardus of Fitch,

Chelmsford, is reported, was as fit

of this Italian business as last

make war on Austria."

In the town of East Bridgewater, about 2300 inhabitants, the

physician there, has attended

since January 1st, 1858, a period of time there has been

no consumption in the town, all of consu-

mption, in the Lancet, that

described cholera not to have

been seen in the world since

Abel."

E. JESTER.

Mr. Burgess, this is the secret of

what you belong to the reformed society

for having this same value to

the world."

Just so, will it, and

there is the more humor

in cold vultures!" said Lord Beaumont

who opened the door in shod-

old, replied, "they are all hot."

Miss," returned the lad, "it's

cold!"

"How! exclaimed Mrs. Parson,

of whom we had the full blood. Paul, stated

to us that his mother had produced fourteen pounds

of butter in one week.

All his calves that we have seen, from native

recommended to have the eale,

for it has always been

umbrellas go much faster than

the eale.

The eale, who has as many as a hundred

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SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 23, 1849.

William Buckminster, Editor.

FATHER MATHEW.

This distinguished temperance advocate had a public reception here this week, by the city government. Much attention has been paid to him, and he seems worthy of it. The measures that he recommends are pernicious. He takes a pledge of honor, and the Irish at least seem to think themselves bound by it.

On Thursday Father Mathew visited Worcester and attended the commencement of the College of the Holy Cross. He returned here on the same day and attended the great levee at Faneuil Hall in the evening. The Hall was full and the ladies were there in large numbers. Father Mathew is called a handsome man, and this may be one cause of the rush of the ladies; but it is presumed that this is not the only cause. Females, above all persons, are interested in the promotion of habits of temperance.

Ex-Mayor Quincy presided at the Hall and made an introductory speech, after which he introduced Father Theobald Mathew. He responded briefly, seeming considerably affected by the attention shown him, and weary by his previous movements and exertions through the day.

Other gentlemen made brief addresses—Rev. Dr. Beecher and Dr. Sharp were present—also Mr. White of Watertown and Dr. Bartlett of Concord. Refreshments in abundance were provided, and music as good as any in the Commonwealth. It is agreed that the jollification was good and passed off as well as any of the seas.

Father Mathew administered the pledge to all the Irish in the city he may check a flood of misery and reduce immeasurably the retail traffic in ardent spirit. The threatenings of the Cholera pestilence will aid him at the present time.

A DAY OF FASTING.

Next Friday will be observed as a day of Fasting throughout the United States. That is the day appointed by the President, and a number of governors of States have issued a like recommendation. For one day surely all may abstain from meat and flesh of all kinds.

Let the fasting be universal. Many have already learned that they can live as well without it as with it.

But the day should be kept too as a day of humiliation. All of us are ready to make confession of national sin, though our sins personal may not be spoken of. More than half the nation have already agreed that their rulers have often acted the part of the covetous and treated the weak as they would not dare to treat the strong. All are ready to agree that, on certain occasions our men at arms have coveted the possessions of their neighbors with more audacity than the Grand Turk has exercised for a century past. All then may join in a national Fast and confess the sins of the Nation. If any one act of the General Government is found to be practical or immoral, this alone will require national repentance and a National Fast.

Who can stand up boldly and say that the alarming Disease which is laying waste our pleasant places is not brought upon us by the sins of the Nation? Other nations are suffering in the same way. All are guilty before God and all should fast and repent of their evil ways.

HON. THEODORE LYMAN, lately returned from a tour abroad, in feeble health, died at his residence in Brookline, Wednesday, July 19, 1849, at the age of 55. He was born in 1844, and has been a member of both houses of the Mass. Legislature. At the time of his decease, he was President of the Farm School, and of the Prison Discipline Society. He was the unknown originator of the State Reform School by his contribution of more than \$20,000 with which to start the enterprise. He has left it a handsome bequest of 50,000 dollars; also 10,000 dollars to the Farm School.

The Examination of Faving stolen \$1000 from the Boston & Sandwich stage coach, and the Boston & Lowell Davis, Esq., at Barnstable on Tuesday, July 18, was discharged, and the other, Caleb B. Brooks, was put under bonds of \$3000 to appear at the Supreme Judicial Court to be held at Barnstable in September. [Yarmouth Register.

HON. GEORGE RAYMOND, who fell from the scaffolding of a building at the corner of West and Washington streets, died in two hours after his arrival at the hospital. He was a widower, and leaves no children.

ROBBERS AT ASHLAND. On Tuesday night the Deputy Master at Ashland discovered some suspicious chaps lurking about his premises—he watched, and at one o'clock hearing the breaking of window glass succeeded in arresting four miscreants in the act of breaking in. The Ashland Depo. had been broken into and some candle sticks on the same night. They were committed to jail.

W. Isaac W. Tufts, charged with setting fire to Mr. Dwight's barn in Brookline, has been arrested and is under examination before a justice. He worked for Mr. Dwight at the time the barn was set on fire.

PHILLIPS, Simpson & Co., 110 Washington St., have just published the first volume of Hume's History of England, from the invasion of Julius Caesar to the abdication of James the Second. There are to be six volumes, bound in the same style as Macaulay's History, which will continue to the date at which Hume stops to the present time.

This is very well printed and neatly bound—it will be sold at sixty three cents per volume, which we commend to our readers as a very cheap and good edition of the History of that country.

CHOLERA REPORTS. A few cases, said to be cholera, occasionally appear in the city, but not in number to create the slightest alarm.

Mr. Samuel F. Brookbank, the well known temperance advocate, was attacked on Monday night, but is now much relieved, and his physicians, Drs. J. B. S. Jackson and Gould report that there are reasonable hopes of his recovery.

Richard Palmer, 28 years of age, entered the cholera Hospital Wednesday night, from Brown's boarding-house, Lewis street. He arrived from Boston on Sunday last, and has been on a spree since.

A young Irishwoman, a seamstress in the family of C. Bowles, Esq., Copeland street, Roxbury, died yesterday morning, with decided symptoms of the Cholera. She was seized with diarrhea, with a slight diarrhea, from which she apprehended no serious results.

There are no new cases at the House of Industry, and those who have been attacked are convalescent.

ARTIST OF COUNTERFEITERS. Offices A. M. Smith, named by Captain Magnus, of Sth Ward, proceeded on Saturday last to Troy, and succeeded on Monday evening in arresting two notorious counterfeiters, by the names of N. Stewart and John Miller. They recovered a steel plate on the State Bank of Boston, a \$5 plate on the Canoe Bank, a \$100 plate on the Chelsea Bank, and some \$2000. They were locked up to answer the charge. Further particulars hereafter. [New York Courier.

PHILLIPS WILL CASE.—The Republican learns that the execution takes to the ruling of the Court in this case have been withdrawn, and the verdict at Ipswich is thus final.

Ninety-seven convicts have died of cholera in the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus, since the 30th of June.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

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ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

THE steamship Caledonia with date from Paris of the 5th, London of the 9th, and Liverpool of the 7th inst., arrived on Saturday forenoon. The Caledonia had 45 passengers exclusive of 18 of the survivors of the ill-fated bark Charles Bartlett.

DREADFUL DISASTER—134 LIVES LOST.

The ship Charles Bartlett, of Plymouth, Mass., William Bartlett, master, with emigrants, and 450 tons merchandise, consisting chiefly of lead and chalk, bound from London to New York, was on Wednesday, 27th ult., at half past 3 o'clock, P. M., about 700 miles to the northward of Cape Clear, run down by the steamship Europa and sunk in three minutes, with 134 passengers and crew. The catastrophe occurred during the night, and though the boats of Europa were instantly lowered and every available resource rendered, only 43 out of the 177 souls were saved. The captain, second mate, and ten of the crew are among the survivors. The Europa is acquired by all blame, not only by the survivors but by the unanimous voice of the British press and public. A subscription of \$352 was promptly raised by the passengers of the Europa, to which the proprietors have added \$20. They likewise offer to carry the whole of the survivors from Boston to New York free of charge.

FATHER MATTHEW'S RECEPTION. The reception of the great apostle of temperance, today, was imposing, enthusiastic and most admirably managed throughout. The procession comprised the various charitable Irish societies of the city, all the temperance associations, and a large number of mottoes of all classes. The emblems, banners, mottoes, &c., which were in past years taken as a great offence by the press, the Rev. Father Mathew was held with a continuous roar of applause by the mass throng of people who lined the route of the procession. He remained standing in the carriage, and bowing to the right and left, most of the time. Deacon Grant rode in the carriage with him. [Mail of Tuesday.

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The cholera every where on the Western rivers is decreasing. In St. Louis on the 23d inst., there were 21 deaths by cholera.

MONTREAL, July 24. During the last twenty-four hours there have been 102 cases of cholera and 31 deaths.

ST. LOUIS, July 24. Great excitement exists in St. Louis, in consequence of Judge Birch attempting to prevent Mr. Bentson from speaking at liberty.

CINCINNATI, July 24. The number of cholera patients to noon-to-day was 24. That from other diseases 20.

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NEW ORLEANS, July 20. It is reported that Mr. Wilkinson, late cashier, (of some institution not named in the despatch,) is a defaulter to a large amount. The health of the city is good.

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The

THE POET'S CORNER.

TRUE LOVELINESS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

She who thinks a noble heart
Better than a noble mind—
Honors virtue more than art—
Though 'tis less in fashion seen—
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
She's the bride—the wife—for me.

She who deems that inward grace
Far surpasses outward show,
She who values less the face
Than that charm the soul can throw—
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
She's the bride—the wife—for me.

She who knows the heart requires
Something more than lips of dew—
That when love's brief rose expires,
Love itself dies with it too—
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
She's the bride—the wife—for me.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Edith Wesley, The Orphan.

BY MRS. SANSBURY.

The sultry month of August arrived, and the Ellisons were preparing to forsake, for a few weeks, the heated and impure atmosphere of the city.

"How dull you seem of late, Augusta," said Mrs. Ellison to her daughter the day before they were to leave. "Even the prospect of going to the country does not seem to give you pleasure. In fact I have hardly heard you speak of it."

"I don't think I shall go, mother. Father and Walter can only come out to see you once or twice a week, and they will be very lonely here. I will stay to keep them company."

The mother expressed the utmost surprise, and endeavored long, but in vain, to change her daughter's resolution. Edith was present, and although she had looked toward to the excuse some slight childish delight, she said indifferently:

"If you will remain, then, Augusta, I will stay to be company for you; for you will be very lonely here."

"Oh, no! no!" she replied in a tone almost of alarm; then she continued more calmly, "I cannot think of allowing any one to sacrifice their pleasure in my account."

"Why should not I give up mine for you, since you are so fond of father?" asked Edith.

For a moment Augusta seemed embarrassed, then she replied— "It is not so much sacrifice on my part. You shall not relinquish your pleasure for me. You must not talk of it, if you do I shall conclude to go."

"Oh, then we shall talk of it until we bring you to that conclusion. You cannot but enjoy being in the country at this season."

"I think, however, I have still the right to judge of my own indications, and control my own actions, even in private, somewhat angrily, as she rose and left the room.

Strange as was her conduct, and incomparable with her general character, neither her mother, nor cousin suspected Augusta of duplicity when she stated her reasons for remaining. The circumstance cast a brief shadow on the heart of Edith, but when once in the country, she gave way to her free buoyant spirits, and enjoyed her home in a purer and better home.

Edith had selected a place of resort, one of those favorite watering places where the stiff formality of city life is observed, but a large, airy, old fashioned farm house, six or eight miles from the city. The house itself was buried in shrubbery, and the shadows of ancient trees; and the surrounding woods and hills presented a delightful and refreshing prospect.

She could here permit her children to take advantage of the freedom of the country, and the facilities of attending the fashionable watering places, where the stiff formality of city life is observed. It was the very thing for Edith. Surrounded by the joyous group of children, and often accompanied by Carrie, the pretty daughter of their widowed hostess, she made her daily excursions in various directions over the fields and among the wooded hills. She had not ceased to regret Augusta's decision to remain behind, and on morning after the little party had returned from one of their pleasant rambles, and thrown themselves down to rest in the cool piazza where Mrs. Ellison was seated, she exclaimed:

"Oh! I wish Augusta was only here. She could not but enjoy it. What could have been the cause of her refusal to come with us?"

"I'll tell you," said Frank. "She's afraid of seeing her fine clothes, and spoiling her fair complexion here in the sun and wind." Frank bounded away laughing, and began to chase chickens in the yard, while George continued the explanation.

"Frank is right," he said—but he has not given you all her reasons. I'll tell you what I think, cousin Edith." And he put his mouth close up to her ear and whispered— "I guess she stayed up to her ear when she might see Mr. Harris often. She begins to fear he admires you the most."

George started after his brother, and a few minutes after the two boys were rolling on the grass under an old apple tree laughing heartily at the explanation.

"Frank is right," he said—but he has not given you all her reasons. I'll tell you what I think, cousin Edith." And he put his mouth close up to her ear and whispered— "I guess she stayed up to her ear when she might see Mr. Harris often. She begins to fear he admires you the most."

She was aware that her cousin had only visited her in her prostration, as the most common acquaintance might be expected to do; and when she grew better, just in proportion to the increase of her strength, did Augusta's attentions, few and formal as they were, decrease. But she did not know what new fuel had been supplied when he addressed her.

It was also true that Augusta had expressed much interest in the affairs of the country when she visited her room each day. Edith learned bitter lessons, and could distinguish between affection and sincerity.

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She was aware that the perturbed girl had opened her drawer, and read the letter of Frederic Harris; nor did she suppose that that young man had daily sent a messenger to enquire after her health, though he refrained from coming himself until after she left her room. When she learned these things, she went to Augusta, and attempted an explanation. She eloquently argued that she had been to her recent bereavement, and besought her cousin not to bring more sorrow on her afflicted parents, so earnestly and feelingly, that her poor heart was subdued, and the semblance of peace restored.

For a long time Edith avoided seeing company on the plea of weakness. She was aware that Frederic had removed his visits occasionally, and she saw with sorrow that Augusta's coldness and reserve returned, despite her own efforts to please.

She had known the sorrows of bereavement, but as yet she had not suffered from contact with the selfish and hollow hearted. In her experience she judged of others by herself. It was impossible for her not to learn some of her cousin's foibles, but she made excuses for them all, not thinking the heart was not right. She more than suspected Augusta's preference for young Harris, whose society she herself liked on account of his lively wit and pleasant humor, but that he had not had time to earn her love.

She had not had reasons for judging you as such. How else could I interpret your attention?"

The young man started. "I have then conjectured aright. You have been taught to believe me your lover."

"I have not had reasons for judging you as such. How else could I interpret your attention?"

It is a difficult thing to break the habits that have grown and strengthened from childhood, but believe me, Miss Wesley, your beautiful cousin never has inspired—never can inspire me with a deeper feeling than that of admiration for her outwards. The perhaps my impressions have been misinterpreted; if so, I sincerely regret it."

"Be that as it may, Mr. Harris, I cannot lis-

tened to you now, or give you any encouragement," replied Edith, firmly. "I do not suppose the present, to remain silent on the subject." Thus the master was left to rest, and the days and weeks rolled on much the same as they had lately done. Augusta became convinced of the utter hopelessness of winning Mr. Harris, and turned her thoughts to other admirers, with deeper wonder than mortified vanity. Yet Edith was made to feel continually the thorns produced by the root of bitterness springing from her disappointment.

The same bright summer passed away, and the spring again returned, but it brought little of gladness in the heart of the persecuted orphan. She struggled long against a new conviction, yet it would force itself upon her.

She awoke a pale, and with trembling hands, and burning cheeks, and fleshing eyes, sat down to indite a scorching reply, and accuse him of baseness towards her cousin.

She had just dipped her pen in the ink, when Augusta entered her apartment, pale and trembling with uncontrollable rage. The one had passed through her hands as it reached Edith's, and the hand writing of the address was recognized. She had watched the unsuspecting girl through the crevice of her door, while she read the letter containing the emotions she witnessed to protect from pleasure and gratification, she could no longer control the feelings of vexation and envy that had crept into her heart. So she burst in, and at once charged her cousin with duplicity, and with using the basest arts, not only to win from her the good will of her family, but also to entrap the affections of Frederic Harris.

She poured out such a volley of abuse that it fell like a thunderbolt upon the unoffending girl, and left her stunned and speechless.

Edith was proud and sensitive. She had always been a belle, and now she was a selfishness and injury, but now she was at once aware to the truth, she saw at once her painful position, and her first impulse was to leave the house instantly. But when she remembered her uncle's kindness, when she recalled her aunt's uniform gentleness and sweeteness of temper, and thought of the clinging affection of the younger members of the family, better feelings came over her. She had spent several hours tormented by conflicting emotions, and sat with her face buried in her hands, when Mary entered and took a seat by her side.

"Dear Edy," she said, "I wish we were back in the country again. It was so pleasant to lay under the shady trees, and hear the birds sing, and look up to the bright blue sky. I was happy then, but now manna looks sad, and Augusta is cross, and nothing seems good or beautiful. Perhaps it's wrong, but I feel as if I didn't want to live in this world any longer."

She laid her young head on her cousin's shoulder, and the two girls, with tears of sincere sympathy were mingled with her.

Edith remembered a fair young sister of her own who many years before, had been taken from her side to rest in the silent grave. She had a brother, too, who in the strength and pride of early manhood, left his home to cross the sea and seek his fortune in other lands—

The report of that brother's death reached them after her tender father had adieu to earthly things, and this double bereavement had hastened her mother's death.

One day when Mary was alone, she heard a knock at the door, and when she opened it, a man in a suit of dark blue, with a white collar and cuffs, and a small gold chain around his neck, entered.

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